

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

AGING FROM THE MISSIONS.—It will be
referred to the "Recent Intelligence" from
magazine, which we copy to-day,
seventy hundred Indians have been bapti-
zed the present year, in the regions of San-
gong, Tavoy, Mergui, Amherst and
"What hath God wrought."

ARY CONVENTIONS.—Arrangements are
made for the holding of a few mission-
aries at central points in different States,
approaching autumn, to be attended, in
the pastors and others in the vicinity, by
Ant Secretary, and by deputations from
the Committee. As far as may be prac-
tice, attendance of returned missionaries will
be solicited for this plan of useful ef-
forts, prayers, and vigorous co-opera-
tion who feel an interest in the general ob-
jects.

FORE PRAYER.—Our neighbor of the Cal-
vary gravely informs his readers in his last
extempore prayer had its origin in a
between the papists and the Puritans,
from Evelyn to prove his assertion, that
Jesus in the reign of Queen Elizabeth
himself a Protestant, and that he first began
temperance." Did the editor of the Calendar
his Bible?

AL CALL.—We learn that the Central
of Norwich, have invited the Rev.
Westerly, R. I., to become their
We are not personally acquainted with
box, but our readers have occasionally
ed with interesting communications from
the having been a regular correspondent
etary for a year or two past.

WARD.—We learn that Dr. Henry Brom-
pastor of the church in West Wood-
recently left the people of his charge,
a field of labor in the "Far West." We
have been Bro. R. for several years, and while
easily regret to lose so kind and faithful a
corer from our own State, we are sincerely
that he is turning his feet towards the
valley." We are often told that Ministers
anted in the West unless they are such as
ed in the East. We are happy in being
in reference to Dr. B., that he has been
the East and has won to himself a large
friends. While he labored with the
Mansfield for some five years or more he
itted to see the fruit of his labors in the
of numbers, strength and unity of the
So too in his last place of labor, the cause
ministry seemed steadily to progress—
er of many a heart will be, that his life
may be continued, that he may become a
lessing to the distant West, and be instruc-
tive in gathering many a wanderer to the fold

MPT TO KILL AT THE STATE PRISON.—The
Warden of the State Prison came very
ing his life by one of the prisoners on Mon-
day evening. It appears from the statements received
ersfield, that a black fellow was sawing
the prison yard, when Mr. Walker, the
Warden, was passing through the yard and
that he sawd crosswise, thereby expe-
nded all the labor that was necessary, in order
to do his work correctly, and left him.—
After he passed him again, when the pris-
oners were at the ax, while Mr. Walker's face was par-
tially covered, and him, and aimed a blow at his
Mr. W. discovered the motion of the axe in
to partially avoid the effect of the blow,
was received on the forehead. He fell, and
was immediately to rise, when the negro
him with the edge of the axe across the leg,
one of the bones below the knee, which
was broken by another blow with the axe across
He was in the act of striking the fourth
one of the guards fired at the prisoner.
He passed through the fleshly part of the
containing the bone badly. The prisoner in-
fell, and the life of Mr. Walker was un-
solved by this means. The prisoner, who
is in a very dangerous condition, is repre-
sented as a very bad fellow, and once attempted to
Strong when he was Deputy Warden of
on. He was sentenced for five years for
killed, and had served two years of his
Mr. Walker, who is very badly hurt, it is
will recover. We understand that the sen-
on the wall at the time the affray com-
munity, and was under the necessity of jumping
gold to the yard before he fired, for fear of kil-
the steamer Arribal off Vera Cruz on the
having Gen. Santa Ana on board. He im-
placed himself at the head of the move-
that department. The departments of Pue-
Mexico have declared for Santa Ana, and
has been taken prisoner.

SANTA ANA left Havana, he took letters
Campbell to Commodore Conner, and
himself, in reply to some inquiries as to his
for war, then I am with them, but I would
peace."

had been received in Mexico that Mont-
the Pacific and California had been taken
U.S. forces have taken possession of Cali-
A. Cruz. This news came to the British Com-
staches were to be sent to England and to
Orleans by special express.

Griswold, Esq., one of the oldest and well-
merchants in New York, died at his resi-
last week. He commenced business in com-
with his brother, prior to the last war, and
it successfully through all the emb-
periods that have occurred within the last
years. He was a native of Connecticut.

AN error occurred in the poetical
mention of "Justitia," headed, "Cast thy
upon the Waters," &c. In the first stanza,
but one, instead of "For on thy chariot
read "For as thy chariotis abound."

THE WALTHAM RIOTS.—We learn from the
Boston Traveller that the Catholic priest, together
with Adolphus Davis, Deputy Sheriff of Middlesex
county, Mr. Buttrick, constable at Cambridge, with
several others, were bound over by a magistrate at
Waltham to the September Court, for endeavoring
to make a forcible entry into the Catholic church at
Waltham, on Sunday, the 16th ult. The question
to be decided is, whether the will of the priest is
superior to that of a majority of his congregation; or
the parish having voted to close the church.

THANKSGIVING.—The Governor of Massachusetts
has appointed Thursday, the 29th of November next,
to be observed as a day of public Thanksgiving
throughout that Commonwealth.

The Hutchinsons cleared thirty thousand dollars
during their recent visit to England. A full equiva-
lent, we should think, for the singing which they
have in return.

New Publications.

CLEMENT OF ROME; OR SCENES FROM THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE FIRST CENTURY. By Mrs. JOSLIN. For
sale by Robins & Smith.

This is an 18mo. volume of nearly 350 pages from the press of Messrs. Baker & Scribner, New York. One of its principal characteristics is the thorough knowledge evinced by the author of Roman and Grecian life, at the period of the incidents upon which she writes. By a careful and patient research of Tacitus, Suetonius and other early writers, she is enabled to speak of the manners and customs of the Romans as they were eighteen hundred years ago, almost as familiarly as if she had been at that time an inhabitant of the "eternal city." Another feature of the work, and one which will meet the hearty approval of every evangelical Christian, is the author's spiritual view of Christianity. Too many of the writers upon early Christian history have substituted their own thoughts and feelings in the place of those of the characters of whom they speak. Mrs. Joslin has studied the apostolical fathers and the earliest records of Christianity, not for the purpose of making a book, or to establish a particular theory, but to ascertain the truth. The great doctrine of salvation through faith in Christ, as held by the apostles, their immediate successors, and by the great and good men of all ages from that day to the present, is a cardinal feature of this little volume. It is an interesting book, and will be found both profitable and instructive.

THE ECOLOGIES AND GEORGICS OF VIRGIL, with English Notes Critical and Explanatory, and a Metrical Index. By Charles Anthon, LL. D.

This is another in the fine series of school classics, edited by the accomplished Professor of Languages in Columbia College. Heralded by a world-wide fame, and clothed in all the external attractions which the Harpers have imparted to the series, it would be superfluous to praise this book.

RETROcession OF ALEXANDRIA.—The Commissioners appointed by the President, under the late act of Congress, have appointed the first and second days of September to take the vote of the people of Alexandria, on the question of Retrosession to Virginia. From what we can learn, a large majority will vote in favor of remaining in the Union.

BRAZIL.—An emigrant by the name of Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by a fellow-passenger named Patrick O'Brien, who, by some means or other, effected his escape from his former premises, supposed to be that of the drover.

ROBBED IN TEXAS.—An emigrant by the name of

Patrick Fuller was robbed of \$1 sovereign while

on his passage from Greenwich to this city by

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.

Sonnet.—Morning.

Oh ! with what radiant beauty she appears !
Dress'd in her gorgeous robes of heavenly light ;
Scattering away the misty clouds of night ;—
Upon the flowers she dries night's pearly tears :
Forth from the East, the sun in glorious might
Comes to awaken Nature from her dreams ;
And pour upon the earth his radiant beams :
The soaring lark, with songs of fresh delight,
Welcomes the day,—the crystal dew-drops fly
To gild the rainbow of the sun-set sky ;—
So the tired Christian, when his race is run,
Lays down his body, in confiding trust,
To rise again, like you resplendent sun,
To meet the Resurrection of the just.
Worcester, Aug. 1846.

JESSITTA.

A Hymn of the Sea.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The sea is mighty, but a Mightier sways ;
His restless billows. Thou whose hands have scoop'd
His boundless gulf, and built his shore, Thy breath,
That moved in the beginning o'er his face,
Moves o'er it evermore. The obedient waves,
To its strong motion, roll and rise and fall.
Still from that realm of sin Thy cloud goes up,
As at the first, to water the great earth,
And keep her valleys green. A hundred realms
Watch its broad shadow warping on the wind,
And in the dropping shower, with gladness, hear
Thy promise of the harvest. I look forth,
Over the boundless blue, where, joyously,
The bright crests of innumerable waves
Glance to the sun at once, as when the hands
Of a great multitude are upward flung
In acclamation. I behold the ships
Gilding from cape to cape, from isle to isle,
Or stemming toward far lands, or hastening home
From the old world. It is Thy friendly breeze
That bears them, with the riches of the land,
And treasure of dear lives, till, in the port,
The shouting seaman climbs and furls the sail.

But who shall bide Thy tempest? who shall face
The blast that wakes the fury of the sea?
Oh God ! Thy justice makes the world turn pale,
When on the armed fleet, that roially
Bears down the surges, carrying war, to smite
Some city, or invade some thoughtless realm,
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulls
Are whirled like chaff open the waves; the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapt asunder; downward from the decks,
Downward are slung, into the fathomless gulf,
Their cruel engines; and their hosts, arrayed
In trappings of the battle-field, arewhelmed
By whirlpool, or dashed dead upon the rocks.
There stand the nations still with awe, and pause,
A moment, from the bloody work of war.

These restless surges eat away the shores
Of earth's old continents; the fertile plain
Welters in shallows, heads and crumbles down,
And the tide drifts the sea-land in the streets
Of the drowned city. Thou meanwhile, afar,
In the green chambers of the middle sea,
Where broadest spread the waters and the line
Sinks deepest, while no eye beholds thy work,
Creator ! Thou dost teach the coral worm
To lay his mighty reefs. From age to age,
He builds beneath the waters, till, at last,
His bulwarks overtop the brine, and check
The long wave rolling from the Southern pole
To break upon Japan. Thou bids the fires
That smoulder under ocean, heave on high
The new made mountains, and uplift their peaks,
A place of refuge for the storm-driven bird.
The birds and wafting billow plant the rifts
With herb and tree; sweet fountains gush; sweet airs
Ripple the living lakes; that, fringed with flowers,
Are gathering in the hollows. Thou dost look
On Thy creation, and pronounce it good.
Its valleys, glorious with their summer green,
Praise thee in silent beauty, and its woods,
Swept by the murmuring winds of ocean, join
The murmuring shores in a perpetual hymn.

Religious & Moral.

The Sacred Mountains: Mt. Tabor.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

What strange contrasts this earth of ours presents. It seems to be the middle spot between heaven and hell, and to partake of the character of both. Beings from both are constantly occurring upon it. The glory from one and the midnight shades from the other meet along its bosom, and the song of angels and the shriek of fiends go up from the same spot. Noon-day and midnight are not more opposite than the scenes that are constantly passing before our eyes. The temple of God stands beside a brothel, and the place of prayer is separated only by a single dwelling from the "hell" of the gambler. Truth and falsehood walk side by side through our streets, and vice and virtue meet and pass every hour of the day. The but of the starving stands in the shadow of the palace of the wealthy, and the carriage of Divas every day throws the dust of its glittering wheels over the tattered garments of Lazarus. Health and sickness lie down in the same apartment; joy and agony look out of the same window; and hope and despair dwell under the same roof. The cry of the new-born infant and the groan of the dying rise together from the same dwelling; the funeral procession treads close on the heels of the bridal party; and the tones of the lute and viol have scarcely died away before the requiem for the dead comes swelling after. O ! the beautiful and deformed, the pure and corrupt, joy and sorrow, ecstacies and agonies, life and death, are strangely blest on this restless planet of ours.

But the past and future present as strange contrasts as the present. What different events have transpired on the same spot.—Where the smoke of the Indian's wigwam arose, and the stealthy tread of the wolf and panther was heard over the autumn leaves at twilight, the population of New York now surges along. Where once Tyre, the queen of the sea stood, fishermen are spreading their nets on the desolate rocks, and the bright waves are rolling over its marble columns. In the empty apartments of Edom the fox makes its den, and

the dust of the desert is sifting over the forsaken ruins of Palmyra. The owl hoots in the ancient halls of kings, and the wind of the summer night makes sad music through the rents of once gorgeous palaces. The Arab spurs his steed along the streets of ancient Jerusalem, or scornfully stands on Mount Zion and curs his lip at the pilgrim pressing wearily to the sepulchre of the Saviour. The Muezin's voice rings over the bones of the prophets, and the desert wind heaps the dust above the foundations of the seven churches of Asia-O, how good and evil, light and darkness chase each other over the world.

But it may be asked what this fit of musing has to do with Mount Tabor. It came upon me unawares, and was suggested by two different scenes my imagination drew upon that mountain.

Forty-seven years ago, this month, a form was seen standing on Mount Tabor, with which the world has since become familiar. It was a bright clear morning, and as he sat on his steed in the clear sunlight, his eye rested on a scene in the vale below, which was sublime and appalling enough to quicken the pulsations of the calmest heart. That form was Napoleon Bonaparte, and the scene before him the fierce and terrible 'Battle of Mount Tabor.' From Nazareth, where the Saviour once trod, Kleber had marched forth with three thousand French soldiers into the plain, where, at the foot of Mount Tabor, he saw the whole Turkish army drawn up in order of battle. Fifteen thousand infantry and twelve thousand splendid cavalry moved down in majestic strength on this band of three thousand French. Kleber had scarcely time to throw his handful of men into squares, with the cannon at the angles, before those twelve thousand horse, making the earth smoke and thunder as they came, burst into a headlong gallop upon them. But round those steady squares rolled a fierce devouring fire, emptying the saddles of those wild horses with frightful rapidity, and strewing the earth with the bodies of riders and steeds together. Again and again did those splendid squadrons wheel, re-form, and charge with deafening shouts, while their uplifted and flashing scimitars gleamed like a forest of steel through the smoke of battle; but that same wasting fire received them. Those squares seemed bound by a girdle of flame, so rapid and constant were the discharges. Before their certain and deadly aim, as they stood fighting for existence, the charging squadrons fell so fast that a rampart of dead bodies was soon formed around them. Behind this embankment of dead men and horses, this band of warriors stood and fought for six dreadful hours, and was still steadily thinning the ranks of the enemy, when Napoleon debouched with a single division on Mount Tabor, and turned his eye below. What a scene met his gaze.—The whole plain was filled with charging squadrons of widely galloping steeds, while the thunder of cannon and fierce rattle of musketry, amidst which now and then was heard the blast of thousands of trumpets, and strains of martial music, filled the air. The smoke of battle was rolling furiously over the hosts, and all was confusion and chaos in his sight. Amid the twenty-seven thousand Turks that covered the plain and enveloped the enemy like a cloud, and aimed the incessant discharge of artillery and musketry, Napoleon could tell where his own brave troops were struggling by the steady and simultaneous volley which showed where discipline was contending with the wild valor of overpowering numbers. The constant flashes from behind that rampart of dead bodies were like spots of flame on the tumultuous and chaotic field. Napoleon descended from Mount Tabor with his little band, while a single twelve pounder, fired from the rear, told the wearied Kleber that he was rushing to the rescue. Thrown into confusion and trampled under foot, that mighty army rolled turbulently back toward the Jordan, where Murat was anxiously waiting to mingle in the fight.—Dashing with his cavalry among the disordered ranks, he sabred them down without mercy, and raged like a lion amid the prey. The chivalric and romantic warrior declared the remembrance of the scenes that once transpired on Mount Tabor and on these thrice consecrated spots, came to him in the hottest of the fight, and nerve'd him with ten-fold courage.

As the sun went down over the plains of Palestine, and twilight shed its dim rays over the rent and trodden and dead-covered field, a sulphurous cloud hung around the summit of Mount Tabor. The smoke of battle had settled there where once the cloud of glory rested, while groans and shrieks rent the air. Nazareth, Jordon and Mount Tabor ! What spots for battle-fields ! Roll back twenty centuries, and again view that hill. The day is bright and beautiful as then, and the same rich oriental landscape is smiling in the same sun. There is Nazareth with its busy population—and the same Nazareth from which Kleber marched his army; and there is Jordon rolling its bright waters along—the same Jordan along whose banks charged the glittering squadrons of Murat's cavalry; and there is Mount Tabor—the same on which Bonaparte stood with his cannon, and the same beautiful plain where rolled the smoke of battle, and struggled thirty thousand men in mortal combat. But how different is the scene that is passing there ! The Son of God stands on that height and casts his eye over the quiet valley through which Jordon winds its silver current.—Three friends are beside Him. They have walked together up the toilsome way, and now the four stand, mere specks on the distant summit. But the glorious landscape at their feet is forgotten in a sublimer scene that is passing before them. The

Son of Mary—the carpenter of Nazarene—the wanderer with whom they have ate and drank and travelled on foot many a weary league, in all the intimacy of companions and friends, began to change before their eyes. Over his soiled and coarse garments is spread a strange light steadily brightening to intense beauty, till that form glows with such splendor that it seems to waver to and fro and dissolve in the still radiance. The three astonished friends gaze in breathless admiration, and then turn to that familiar face. But lo ! a greater change has passed over it. The man has put on the God, and that sad and solemn face that has been so often stooping over the couch of the dying, and entering the door of the hut of poverty, in the streets of Jerusalem, and by the weary way—aye, bedewed with the tears of pity, now burns like the sun in mid-day splendor.—Meekness has given way to Majesty—sadness to dazzling glory—the look of pity to the grandeur of a God. The still radiance of Heaven sits on that serene brow, and all around that divine form flows an atmosphere of strange and wondrous beauty.—Heaven has poured its brightness over that consecrated spot, and on the beams of light that glitter there, Moses and Elias have descended, and wrapped in the same shining vestments stand beside him. Wonder follows wonder, for those three glittering forms are talking with each other, and amid the thrilling accents are heard the words 'Mount Olivet,' 'Calvary,' the agony and the death of the crucifixion. Peter, awestruck and overcome, feeling also the influence of that heavenly atmosphere, and carried away by a sudden impulse, says to Jesus, in low and tremulous accents: 'It is good to be here; let us build three tabernacles; one for thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias.' Confused by the scene and dizzied by the splendor, he was ignorant of what he was saying. He knew not the meaning of this sudden appearance, but he knew that heaven was near and God revealing himself, and he felt that some sacred ceremony would be appropriate to the scene, and while his bewildered gaze was fixed on the three forms before him, his unconscious lips murmured forth the feelings of his heart. No wonder a sudden feeling came over him that paralyzed his tongue and crushed him to the earth, when in the midst of his speech he saw a cloud fall like a falling star from heaven, and bright and dazzling, balance itself over those forms of light. Perhaps his indiscreet interruption had brought this messenger down, and from its bosom the thunder and flames of Sinai were to burst; and he fell on his face in silent terror. But that cloud was only a canopy for its God, and from its bright foldings came a voice saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I well pleased, hear ye Him.'

How long the vision lasted, we cannot tell, but all that night did Jesus with his friends, stay on that lonely mountain. Of the conversation that passed between them, we know nothing; but little sleep, we imagine, visited their eyes that night, and as they sat on the high summit and watched the stars as they rose one after another above the horizon, and gazed on the moon as she poured her light over the dim and darkened landscapes, words were spoken that seemed born of Heaven; and truths never to be forgotten were uttered in the ears of the subdued and reverend disciples.

Oh, how different is heaven and earth ! Can there be a stranger contrast as the Battle and Transfiguration of Mount Tabor ? One shudders to think of Bonaparte and the Son of God on the same mountain; one with his wasting cannon by his side, and the other with Moses and Elias just from heaven. It is like seeing the devil and the angels in the same Eden garden.

But no desecration can destroy the first consecration of Mount Tabor; for baptized with the glory of Heaven, and honored with the wondrous scene of the Transfiguration, it stands the fifth sacred Mountain on the earth.—N. Y. Observer.

The Delaying Minister.

Calling at the house of one of his friends, the minister found them in the deepest distress, having suddenly lost their only child. He attempted to console the distracted parents, but the mother replied, "Ah, sir, these consolations might assuage my grief for the loss of my child, but they cannot blunt the stings of conscience, which are as daggers in my heart. It was but last week I was thinking, 'My child is now twelve years of age; his mind is rapidly expanding; I know he thinks and feels beyond the measure of his years, and a foolish backwardness has hitherto kept me from entering so closely into conversation with him as to discover the real state of his mind, and to make a vigorous effort to lead his heart to God.' I then resolved to seize the first opportunity to discharge a duty so weighty on the conscience of a Christian parent; but day after day my foolish, deceitful heart said, 'I will do it to-morrow.' On the very day that he was taken ill, I had resolved to talk to him that evening, and when he first complained of his head, I was half pleased with the thought that this might incline him to listen more seriously to what I should say. But oh, sir, his pain and fever increased so rapidly that I was obliged to put him immediately to bed; and as he seemed inclined to doze I was glad to leave him to rest. From that time he was never sufficiently sensible for conversation; and now he is gone into eternity, and has left me distracted with anxiety concerning the salvation of his precious soul ! Dilatory wretch ! had it not been for my own sin, I might now have been consoling myself with the satisfactory conviction of having discharged the duty of a Christian parent, and enjoying the delightful assurance of meeting my child before the throne of God and

the Lamb. Oh, the cursed sin of procrastination ! Oh, the ruinous delusion that lurks in the word *to-morrow* !

Every word of the distracted mother was like a dagger in the minister's heart; for he too, was agitated by feelings similar to her own. 'I have just returned,' said he, 'from a house which to me, as well as to the family, was the house of mourning. I was sent for yesterday to visit a sick man, and as I fancied that I was then engaged, I promised to call and see him *to-morrow*; but when I went there *to-day*, I was shocked to find that he was dead, especially as I had reason to fear for his eternal state, and his wife said he was very anxious to see me.' The minister returned home, bitterly reproaching himself for suffering any inferior engagement to stand in competition with a sinner's eternal interests, and praying, 'Lord, ly not this sin to my charge, nor let the blood of my brother's soul rest upon my mind, and blast the future success of those employments for which I left him to perish in his sins ! Grant me to learn hence, abhor, through all my future life, the thought of deferring the concerns of souls till *to-morrow* ! Christians, parents, ministers; obey the voice that says, 'Son, go *to-day* in my vineyard; to-morrow is none of yours. Sinners, *to-day* if ye will hear the voice of Christ, harden not your hearts, lest he swear in his wrath that ye shall not enter into his rest.'

It is an awful saying, yet true, 'The way to hell is paved with good resolutions.'

The very intention of doing good lulls the conscience to sleep, in the neglect of doing it, and thus leads on to condemnation for leaving it *undone*. In the matter of individual salvation, this should be the motto, 'Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation ;' but in no part of the Bible is this written of *to-morrow*.

The Delaying Mother.

A kind mother may sometimes have just occasion for deep regret at delays which most intimately concern the welfare of her children in this world and in the world to come.

A child was observed to be very languid and feverish. The parents agreed that he ought to have a dose of medicine; but the child was averse to take it; a neighbor called in, and the mother was diverted at the moment that she ought to have given it him. She consoled herself with thinking that she would give it him the first thing in the morning, and that would make very little difference. It was given to him, but it produced no effect; another morning came and the child was much worse. Then it was agreed to send for the doctor, and the servant was told to go directly, as the doctor was in the habit of leaving home at ten o'clock, and not returning for several hours. She received the order, but thinking a few minutes could not make much difference, she delayed till the time was past; it was only a few minutes, but the doctor was as remarkable for punctuality as the family to which he was summoned was for procrastination; he had left home and was gone several miles to visit his patients. Some hours elapsed before his return; he then hastened to the bedside of the sick child, but his efforts were too late; a fatal disease had laid hold on the frame, which, in all probability, might have been checked by timely application.

Life's Evening Star.

The evening of every man's life is coming on apace. The day of life will soon be spent. The sun, though it may now be up in mid-heavens, will pass swiftly down the western sky and disappear. What shall light up man's path when the sun of life has gone down ? He must travel on to the next world, but what shall illumine his footsteps, after the night-fall of death, amid the darkness of his journey ? What question more important—more practical—more solemn for each reader of our journal to ask for himself ? That is a lone journey to travel without light—without a guide and without a friend ! Yet every man must perform it. The time is not far distant when all must begin the journey.

There is an evening star in the natural world. Its radiance is bright and beautiful, and cheering to the benighted traveler. But life's evening star is found in a good hope of heaven. Its beauty and brilliancy is reflected from the Sun of Righteousness, whose bright rays light up the evening of life, and throw their cheering radiance quite across the darkness of the grave into Immanuel's land. It has illuminated the footsteps of many a traveler to eternity.—It is the light of life. It is of priceless value. A thousand worlds cannot purchase it. And yet it is offered without money and without price to him who will penitently and thankfully receive it.

This beautiful star is often dimly seen at first, rising above the horizon of life, and though sometimes obscured by passing clouds, yet it shines out again ere long with increasing brightness. Thus I sat by my window at evening twilight, and saw a brilliant star. As the darkness came down upon the earth, its lustre increased more and more, till suddenly a dense cloud came over, and I saw it not. I looked long where it should have been, and by and by it passed, and the star seemed brighter than ever. Such is the Christian's hope. At first, indeed, it shines with brilliancy; but, as he moves forward in his pilgrimage, the darkness of sin gathers about him, and still triumphing over all, his hope burns the brighter for the darkness around. Sometimes evil completely overshadows him, and the light is obscured, and for a time seems entirely extinguished. At length, Divine mercy drives away the cloud, and as his hope, star-like, gains the ascendant, it glows like the full blaze of the noon-day sun, shedding beauty and blessedness about his path.—N. Y. Evangelist.

Mrs. MOTTE would say to Females, that she deems it necessary to say, that she attends to all diseases incident to the human frame, except those arising from malignant fever.

Mrs. MOTTE, however, has frequently

For the Christian Secretary.

The Potatoe Disease.

MESSRS. ERRORS:—In almost every newspaper I take up I find a portion of its columns occupied with remarks on the potatoe disease; some enquiring into the cause, others stating that it might be well for agriculturists to pry into the mystery of the disease, and some requesting others to try different experiments on the same field; as much as to say all that is necessary is to find out what the disease really is, and the cause of it, and they can prescribe a remedy. But I have heard of no one suggesting the thought that it may be a judgment sent abroad in the land on account of the sins of the people. Would it not be well to enquire of the Supreme Ruler of Heaven and earth, who is able to blast all our hopes at a breath, if this may not be the case ? For it appears to me to be beyond the power of human ingenuity to ascertain the cause, or if it could be removed.

The following gentlemen compose the Board of Directors:

David W. Clark, Wm. E. Ellsworth, Charles H. Northam, Wm. Kellogg, Samuel Humphrey, D. Johnson, W. Greene, Willis Thrall, Ellery Hills,

DANIEL W. CLARK, President, WILLIAM CORNER, Secretary, Hartford, Jan. 1845.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY, AND MARINE, Capital 150,000 dollars, office Exchange Buildings, north of the State House, Hartford, will take Fire and Marine risks on terms as other offices. The business of the Company is principally marine. The capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires, next year. The Exchange Office, State street, where convenient accommodation is given for the public.

The Directors of the Company are: Thomas K. Brace, Silas B. Hinman, Frederic Tyler, Robert Smith, Joseph Morgan, Joseph Prath, James Thomas, Ward Woodbridge, Joseph Church, Ebenezer Society.

THOMAS K. BRACE, President, S. L. LOOMIS, Secretary. The Ethna Company has Agents in most of the States, in the State, with whom insurance can be effected.

CONTRAST.—The death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of Christianity, as the life of Paul.

CONTRAST.—The death of Judas is as strong a confirmation of Christianity, as the life of Paul.

REPECTUOUSLY informs the citizens of Boston and vicinity, that he may be consulted on various diseases incident to the afflicted, as usual, at his rooms, 310 Washington street. In consequence of the numerous patients out of the city, he will be under the necessity of being absent each Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Certainly it is well known by almost every intelligent citizen of Connecticut, that Dr. Spear has been remarkably successful in the treatment of Chronic Diseases, especially in those cases where medical skill has failed. In my instance, to my knowledge, there is no cure in the following diseases when the patient has been under the care of a fair trial, viz.: Coughs or Consumption, Medicines a fair trial, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Pleurisy,